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What We Found at Radcliffe

LEBARON RUSSELL BRIGGS
President of Radcliffe College

FOREWORD

We, who feel our debt to Radcliffe, are certain that the best way to repay it is to make generally known what the College is equipped to do and what it actually is doing.

To tell what Radcliffe is seems a simple enough undertaking until we try. Then we discover it is impossible to describe something so big that not one of us is capable of grasping more than a fragment of it — not one of us has eyes for more than one aspect or ears for more than a strain or two.

By coöperation alone can we hope to outline even vaguely some of Radcliffe's most characteristic traits, those that differentiate her from other good colleges for women. We have, therefore, asked a few Radcliffe women representing contrasting fields of interest each to write a little about that side of Radcliffe which revealed itself to her.

Florence E. Barrett, A.B. 1903.

HARVARD ENGLISH

Katharine Fullerton Gerould, A.B. 1900, A.M. 1901

Katharine Fullerton Gerould, wife of Professor Gordon Gerould of Princeton University, is the distinguished writer of short stories and essays, many of which have been collected and published in book form.

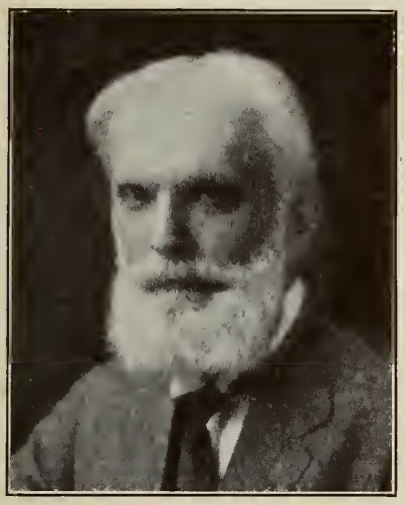
It is natural that any woman who spends much of her time in writing for publication should ask herself now and then what her undergraduate training did in helping her to write. To me, personally, it never ceases to be a striking fact that the best criticism I ever had came from the Harvard English Department. Anything true that I am told by critics of my published work, I was really told, long ago, by Professors Gates and Copeland, Gardiner and Hurlbut. I name all these gentlemen advisedly, although, in point of fact, I studied English Composition with only two of them. The literature courses melted into the composition courses in a quite extraordinary way. When I read a painstaking or a clever review of a book of my own, I always smile to think how much more exactly any one of those academic critics would have got to the root of the matter.

My own feeling has come to be that there is no training so good for the would-be writer as the straight academic training of the best type. "Harvard English" is infinitely more valuable, I am certain, to any ambitious young woman, than journalism, or Greenwich Village, or even perusal of Mr. H. L. Mencken. Attending college as I did, in the hey-day of the free elective system, I, of course, wandered through the catalogue with the gait of a grasshopper. What must have been the quality of the teaching that, in spite of one's fantastic choices and rejections, gave one an abiding sense of values? I do not say that a Radcliffe graduate who has "specialized" in English will never write cheaply or badly; but I do say that she will not do so unconsciously or without repentance. It is not only the most effective English teaching that a woman can get in America: it is also the sanest and most fundamental. What Radcliffe offers is known to too few.

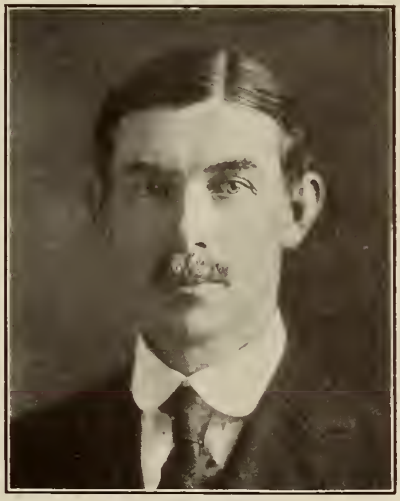
"Dating," as one does who goes back to the 'nineties for these recollections, I feel the chief value of the Radcliffe course in general to have been the bedrock of reality on which it set one's feet. Originality was welcomed with passion, but cheapness, I think, never got by. I am very sure that a lot of the stuff that corrupts the pages of some of our magazines would have got short shrift in English 22 or English 12. The chief technical duty of any creative writer is to "get it across." The English Department knew that

as well as any one; only, they did not consider that it sufficed to get it across to the moron or the illiterate.

I do not speak of the learned work to be done at Radcliffe, for those who are Ph.D.-inclined; for I am not myself a scholar. But even as we danced through the catalogue, free as air, we learned the difference between real scholarship and sham. We learned, that is, what it means to be a scholar; and we had no half-baked great notions of ourselves if we were not the real thing. The curse of the second and third rate college has always been that its A.B. convinced the alumna that she was something she in all probability



Professor George Lyman Kittredge, A.B., LL.D., Litt.D.



Professor Jeremiah Denis Matthias Ford, Ph. D.

was not. Imagine sitting through a year of Professor Kittredge's Shakespeare, and thinking that you knew anything! What, on the other hand, you would eternally know, was real scholarship when you saw it. You might not possess the gold, but you had the touchstone — which was more important.

The sense of *quality* is the sense that remains, after twenty years. Let me repeat an argument, outside my own field, that I have often used. Philosophy is *terra incognita* to me — or very nearly. The extent of my philosophical training was a half course (required, and therefore resented) in the history of modern philosophy. I could not now distinguish accurately offhand, between the systems of Hegel and Fichte; nor do I care to. What I shall remember through life is *the way it was done;* and ever since, when I

have heard a philosophical lecture, I recall with regret Mr. Santayana's impersonal, complete lucidity. I got then a white light on the perfect method of exposition, and visiting Europeans cannot fool me. The standards you get at Radcliffe do not change, because they are real. *Veritas* is no idle motto. I have dwelt on what I think Radcliffe can do for a young woman

Professor Charles Hall Grandgent, A.B., L.H.D.

Professor Irving Babbitt, A.M.

chiefly interested in writing, because writing is my own profession. But I often point with pride to other courses and other departments. I say not only: "I studied Shakespeare with Professor Kittredge, and the Elizabethan drama with Professor Baker, and Anglo-Saxon with Professor Schofield"; but also, "Professor Grandgent taught me Italian, and Professor Babbitt taught me literary criticism, and Professor Macvane taught me constitutional history, and Professor Davis taught me Physiography."

THE THIRD DIVISION

Sarah Wambaugh, A.B. 1902, A.M. 1917

Romaine Elizabeth Boody, A.B. 1920

Sarah Wambaugh, author of "A Monograph on Plebiscites" and temporary member of the Administration Commission and Minority Section of the Secretariat of the League of Nations, is now an instructor in Political Science at Wellesley College. Romaine Elizabeth Boody graduated *summa cum laude* in Economics, and became Assistant Employment Manager for the Hickey-Freeman Company of Rochester, New York.

A VISITOR in Cambridge having supper at the Cock Horse, once the home of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," may occasionally encounter a group of girls in deep discussion. They may be eagerly arguing some point with a man, whom one instantly labels a Harvard professor. The visitor is probably privileged to gaze upon an evening meeting of the Third Division Club of Radcliffe College. The issue may be the League of Nations, the tariff, a decision of the disarmament conference, or any other topic of the day.

The Third Division from which the Club takes its name includes the Departments of History, Government, and Economics. Students concentrating in these departments formed the club some three years ago with a double purpose — to increase the pleasant social intercourse of students and professors interested in the division and to prepare members to pass their final General Examination. When this examination was uppermost in mind, the Club was often unofficially known as the "Third Degree Club."

Both to Harvard and to Radcliffe large numbers of students have always been drawn from far and wide by the authority and record for public service of the men who give instruction in these departments. But at Radcliffe, interest in these courses has increased greatly during the last few years, until in 1920 approximately one fourth of the Senior class chose this field of concentration. This impetus is traceable in part to the war and to the larger place women are occupying in industrial and social life, but especially to the stimulus of the chance to work under the guidance of men whose names are always in the public print, whose opinions have been anxiously sought at every juncture of the Great War and of the readjustment period.

Regardless of the actual quality of the instruction, is it not human nature to listen the more eagerly to the well-known expert who may come to class occasionally directly from the train from Washington where he has been acting as adviser to a congressional committee? The privilege of hearing and questioning a Thomas Nixon Carver robs the name "sociology" of any

impractical flavor it may have had in pre-college days. The labor situation seems to require immediate attention when a Ripley stands ready to interpret it. The newspaper-reading undergraduate who finds Radcliffe her natural habitat is pulled with equal urgency to International Law with George Grafton Wilson, and Municipal Government with William Bennett Munro.

When making up the courses of study for the year it is evident that the fare provided by the Third Division is tantalizing to say the least. How

Professor Thomas Nixon Carver, Ph.D., LL. D.

Professor George Grafton Wilson, Ph.D., LL.D.

hard it is to choose. How can failure to study under Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor Holcombe, or Professor Day be explained to parents, old teachers, or the neighbors at home? Will one regret the rest of one's days the omission of Professor Taussig's course? Most likely. Certain alluring pages in the catalogue must be hurried over. The world seems nothing but one renunciation after another.

In addition to Harvard instruction, Radcliffe students of History, Government, and Economics have the use of the great Harvard Library. They have access to the Boston Public Library and its splendid Americana, to the Boston Athenæum, famous for its Washingtonia, the Massachusetts State Library, strong on foreign law, and the Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, rich in local history and manuscript material.

These departments were the first to adopt the tutorial system and the general final examination. Useful as the new plan has proved in other de-

partments, it is especially suited to the study of these subjects. In a literal sense these are living subjects, changing their aspect with each day's news — news which cannot be correctly interpreted by isolated study but only by discussion. The wide reading necessary must be judiciously assimilated in order to develop the student's appreciation and critical faculties. This can be done only with the help of some one who had already mastered the subject.

Under the new plan tutors guide and assist the students in preparing for the final examination, meeting those in their charge individually every week. The tutor is in no sense a coach, rather a friendly counselor whose aid is an enormous encouragement to the student in learning how to learn.

It would be interesting to know what these women concentrating in Division Three do after leaving college. After discussing the problems of

Professor William Scott Ferguson, Ph.D.

Professor Charles Homer Haskins, Ph.D., A.M., Litt.D., LL.D.

our present political and industrial structure in the Liberal Club, the Debating Club, and the Third Division Club, do they ever apply their conclusions in practical work? After studying under men of ripe scholarship and wisdom, are they better qualified to take upon themselves the duties of citizenship? These questions are best answered by telling of the work of a few Radcliffe women.

The courses in International Law at Radcliffe have attracted a considerable number of those holding fellowships in the subject from the Carnegie

Endowment for International Peace. Two of these graduate students, Bernice V. Brown and Eleanor W. Allen, have subsequently held the Commission for Relief in Belgium Fellowship which means a year's study in Brussels. A third, Alice Holden, is this year a member of the Department of Government at Smith College, and is giving the course in International Law at that institution.

Many students of economics are engaged in various forms of educational and service work in factories and other industrial establishments, and in administering philanthropies. Elizabeth Brandeis, 1918, is secretary of the Minimum Wage Board of the District of Columbia. Nathalie Matthews, 1907, is the Director of the Industrial Division of the Children's Bureau at Washington.

The strength of the Third Division lies not alone in the unrivaled quality of the instruction and the stimulus of being in touch with the tide of current history, but also in the type of student it brings to Radcliffe.

Professor Edmund Ezra Day, S.B., Ph.D., with a Discussion Group of the Third Division Club at the Cock Horse

RADCLIFFE MUSICAL LIFE

Mabel Wheeler Daniels, 1900

Mabel Wheeler Daniels has won distinction as a composer. She was awarded two prizes by the National Federation of Musical Clubs, has conducted orchestras in the performance of her own works, and is the author of "An American Girl in Munich" (Little, Brown & Co.).

To many girls the choice between a musical life and a college life seems imperative; but at Radcliffe College they can happily combine both and emerge at the end of four years not only excellent musicians but with that breadth of vision and habit of study which only college training can give.

At Radcliffe, music is not merely a subject which one may or may not elect as counting toward her degree, but a vital factor in the intellectual and social life of the college. Whether it is the frequent snatches of song tossed off by enthusiastic Freshmen as they cross the yard, or the rehearsing by a whole class of an original song composed by one of the students for the annual competition, or a crowded meeting of the Music Club when a noted string quartet from Boston comes over to play, each testifies that music at Radcliffe is very much alive.

Of course, back of it all and the actual foundation of it all is the music department with its splendid array of courses under distinguished men headed by Professor Spalding. And just here let it be clearly understood that the catalogue does not offer instruction in piano or any orchestral instrument, or in that art often mysteriously described as "voice placement and rhythmic breathing." That is left to the conservatories. If, however, a student wishes to become a thoroughly equipped musician from a theoretical standpoint, she finds here all the stepping-stones toward her goal from the course on elementary harmony up to the reading of abstruse orchestral scores. If, on the other hand, she chooses to ignore the technical, she can acquire a comprehensive knowledge of music from the courses on appreciation, musical history, and the analytical study of masterpieces from the point of view of the listener.

The most obvious evidence that music at Radcliffe is a veritable live wire lies in the interest shown in choral singing. Under the inspiring leadership of Dr. Davison it has reached a high degree of proficiency. This in itself is a matter of distinct congratulation when one considers the deplorably low ebb to which choral music in general has fallen. Alas that only half-empty concert halls reward our most efficient choruses! Alas, indeed, that the

greater part of that magnificent literature of choral music lies on dusty shelves! Therefore, I say, the more glory that the Choral Society is the most popular of the undergraduate organizations, the Idler alone, excepted. Everybody in college who can sing on pitch belongs and this means that nearly everybody does. Its activities are many and varied. At Christmas the members sing with the Harvard Choir at the annual service in Appleton Chapel. Every year an opera is given — last year it was "Trial by Jury," previously, Gluck's "Orpheus." Last winter, a crowning triumph to the year's work — the Choral Society sang with the Harvard Glee Club at one of the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall. Next year there will be a small Glee Club of voices selected from the Society to perform the more difficult works.

Professor Walter Raymond Spalding, A.M.

The Mandolin Club and the Music Club are both flourishing organizations. In addition to its regular meetings, at which the members enthusiastically play everything from Bach to their own original compositions, the Music Club has two open meetings a year. To these distinguished musicians are invited, and are invariably generous in giving their services. At the end of the year there is a joint meeting with the Harvard Music Club, when members from each Club combine in *ensemble*. The College Orchestra is yet in its infancy, but its ambitions are gigantic, and judging from the way music at Radcliffe is forging ahead, it is only a matter of time before that, too, is recognized as a successful institution of undergraduate life.

Every spring comes that very festive and delightful occasion known as the "Song Competition," held in the early evening on the classic steps of Agassiz House. Each class in turn sings a song, the words and music composed for the occasion by fellow members, before an august row of judges seated on the sward below. The winning song is adopted as a college song and is destined for publication in the College Song Book. Next year a cup is to be offered as a prize, and enthusiasm runs high among the contestants.

Aiding and abetting in the stimulation of the already vigorous musical

life at Radcliffe are the opportunities offered for hearing the best which music has to give. The accessibility of Boston puts within easy reach of the students its unrivaled Symphony Orchestra and an endless series of concerts and recitals by the most renowned artists the world affords. At the very gates of the college we find the Paine Hall concerts, the organ recitals in Appleton Chapel, and the symphony concerts in Sanders Theatre. Small wonder, indeed, with these resources at her command, that Radcliffe College holds an enviable position in the world of music.

Professor Archibald Thompson Davison, Ph.D. with a Group from the Radcliffe Choral Society

UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT RADCLIFFE

Elizabeth Jackson, A.B. 1913, A.M. 1914, Ph.D. 1916

Undergraduate life at Radcliffe, one has to admit, has the same components as that of any college. All undergraduates study, play basketball, give plays, sing, talk, plan parties, and waste time; they all have a certain contact with an external social life that proceeds independently of the college; individually, they are going through normal intellectual and emotional experiences; and more or less consciously and definitely all of them are forming their ideas about what life is and how one ought to go about living.

In some of these respects Radcliffe is definitely individualized. Few colleges have the same normal and easy intercourse with the ordinary world. Few people will contend that girls are better off for undiluted feminine society; few will deny that Radcliffe is fortunate in its matter-of-course contact with Boston and Cambridge — stores, theaters, libraries, lectures, homes, and what you will. One inevitable result is a general healthiness and sanity. Another is an intellectual activity and a freedom from most kinds of intellectual provincialism. Most of the things that the world thinks have their echoes inside the college. The discussions in the gym, in odd corners of Agassiz House, in dormitory rooms at night, cover most of the theories ever expounded for the political, moral, or æsthetic salvation of man. A critical hospitality toward new ideas is certainly one of the marked characteristics of undergraduate life at Radcliffe; and there are few things that are a surer promise of permanent vitality.

Perhaps it is an essential characteristic of Radcliffe that it regards using one's mind as one of the important businesses of life. Distinguishing oneself scholastically has always been perfectly good form at Radcliffe. Phi Beta Kappa and even Final Honors have been consistent with popularity and every kind of undergraduate success. Conversely, so-called interests and activities have received a large amount of intelligence as well as enthusiasm. The files of the Idler Club, with all the tabulated information about hundreds of plays, represent uncounted hours of well-trained thinking. Any Idler performance involves an amount of applied intelligence that teachers of dramatics all over the country envy. More informally, any dormitory expects to have its dramatists capable of composing and staging a play for a Freshman party, and its versifiers who can produce fifty passable valentines in an afternoon and evening. And the Freshman who found

English A a little slow and took her lecture notes in blank verse for practice, is not unique.

Whether one's business at Radcliffe is verse or dramatics or basketball or middle English, each girl is expected to work at it hard and conscientiously and well. Everything is done in the public eye and judged by the body of one's very keen and critical fellows. In this sense there is a remarkable democracy. It is not that money and family and social position count for

A Scene from "The Chinese Lantern," as Presented by the Radcliffe Idler Club

nothing, but that they count for what they are worth and very little more. They have never been more important than energy, ability, honesty, and intelligence. I have never been in a place where shirking or insincerity or self-seeking were so quickly detected and condemned as at Radcliffe; or where achievement of any sort was so heartily recognized.

The assumption has always been, I think, that whatever ability one possessed belonged by right to the college. Undergraduates are not omniscient and undergraduate ideas of what constitutes service to Radcliffe may have

their vagaries. None the less, there is much to be said for the ordinary idea that energetic loyalty to dormitory and class and club means loyalty to Radcliffe. This isn't a matter of much talk; it is a matter of tacit assumption — the assumption of President Briggs's speech at the first mass meeting that you live at Radcliffe not to get something out but to put something in. I have never forgotten the remark of a girl who had attended two colleges before she came to Radcliffe: "You ought to go to several colleges if you can," she said, regarding us with pity, "you have so much more fun." The group looked at her blankly with polite horror that any one beyond the first few weeks of Freshmanhood thought of college as a place primarily to have a good time. And yet, we are having, all of us, as good a time in college as we dreamed of wanting.

For Radcliffe life is tremendously good fun. Those four years are magic years when all sensations seem to have been at their keenest and finest. There is much work, much thinking, much dreaming, much talk at all hours of the day and night. Certain weathers and times of year become inextricably associated with their own businesses and festivities — Christmas with carols everywhere, indoors and out; first spring, with last basketball and the smell of melting snow through the big open windows of the gym; mid-winter — one can be homesick even for midyears and strong coffee. Perhaps it is the test of those undergraduate years that one remembers them as thoroughly good — in spite of their mistakes, as sane and sincere and memorable.

THE 47 MAGNET

Doris Friend Halman, A.B. 1916

Doris Friend Halman has published a number of plays, one of which won the Drama League prize offered during the war for a patriotic play. She is a member of the 47 Workshop Company which has produced her "Will-O'-The-Wisp," "The Playroom," and "Rusted Stock." Several others of her plays have been produced elsewhere.

In earlier school days, when work was work and play was play, the writer of this article was not going to Radcliffe. Her course was suddenly deflected toward the "home" college by information reaching her that here work might be play — in other words, that one could write plays and study plays and actually get academic credit for it.

Forty-seventh in the list of English courses offered by Harvard — and therefore by Radcliffe — is a course in playwriting, followed by another, English 47A, for advanced second-year work. If you go to Radcliffe as a Freshman on purpose to take these two, you discover somewhat ruefully that you have three years to wait — that, until you have at least a Senior's knowledge and experience of life, you will be firmly discouraged from becoming a dramatic author.

You cast about, then, for consolation; and you find it. There are lectures on the history of the drama that are open to undergraduates. There is the Idler Club, the student dramatic organization, which gives productions above the average in effectiveness, and which serves more than anything else in binding together all past and present classes into a single sense of being "Radcliffe." As a sort of bright symbol of this Idler Club achievement stands Miss Ruth Delano, 1899, coach, "hero," and beloved friend of all who ever trod the boards in college.

As Miss Delano stands for the undergraduate spirit in play-giving, so, in the realms of 47, the moving spirit that makes of these numerals a glamour and a glory is Professor George P. Baker. He is no mere instructor in temporary charge of the work — there would be no work without him, for he has *made* the courses, seen them grow from idea to experiment and from experiment to famous institution. The sheer inspiration of his personality and the driving enthusiasm brought by him to every phase of the work have made of English 47 the magnet that it is.

Up at the top of Fay House is the 47 Room, its walls hung with photographs and bill posters of many famous plays that came into being there.

Built out from one wall is a miniature stage with a concrete "cupola-horizon." In arm-chairs round a long oval table sits the class each year — an average of twelve persons ranging from middle-age to cap-and-gown youth, and known as "Baker's Dozen." There have been, in these successive dozens, such playwrights as Florence Lincoln, Elizabeth McFadden, Charlotte Chorpenning, Rachel Barton Butler, and others who have known the stage doors and authors' boxes of Broadway.

Professor George Pierce Baker, A.B., Litt.D., Reading a Play to a Group from the 47 Workshop

The class meets twice a week for one two-hour period and one of half that duration. First the students dramatize a short magazine story. This presents to their minds with an effective shock the difference between play technique and the more rambling style of fiction. They learn about everything, in fact, by the effective shock method. Very few rules are given; criticism is administered in the most bracing fashion. Professor Baker

reads aloud an effort to the class, and forthwith some twelve ladies of more than ordinary wit dissect it. His own judgment comes, sometimes mercifully, at the end.

After the adaptation comes an original one-act play. The rest of the course consists in making the scenario and first draft of a full-length original drama.

Returning for a second year, selected members of English 47 write what they please, plays long or short, many or few, so long as they bring to them the very best that is in them.

Meanwhile, they have become regular members of the Workshop audience and student members of the 47 Club.

The 47 Workshop is an institution connected with the class work, but separate from it, a "laboratory" in which plays written by the students are put into actual production, that their merits and faults may be clearly recognized by the authors. An average of four performances is given annually. There is a regular audience recruited from Cambridge and Greater Boston people interested in drama, as well as from the 47 classes. These folks are expected to send in to the Workshop a written criticism of what they have seen. These anonymous criticisms, averaging about two hundred in number, are delivered subsequently to the author; and, from the mass of contradictions, wit, and philosophy expressed therein, real helpfulness is extracted by the frequent discovery of a majority opinion.

The plays produced in the Workshop are staged, lighted, and acted by Workshop members. There is an Executive Committee, a Producing Force, a Stage Manager, and a Company. The coaching is done by Professor Baker himself, who has an uncanny faculty of finding in the author's lines more than that worthy ever suspected. The author is present at rehearsals, and his impatient and often irate word is always heeded. There is probably no other organization where one can see one's own ideas worked out to the smallest line without opposition.

Architects and art teachers volunteer their services for scene design. The man in charge of the lighting is a professional electrician. The Company consists in part of well-known Greater Boston amateurs, but more largely of students and young graduates of Harvard and Radcliffe. By its training of actresses, the Idler Club is a strong support of the Workshop. Though rehearsed in a big, scenery-stacked room in Lower Massachusetts Hall at Harvard, the plays are produced on the Idler stage at Radcliffe.

This fascinating and important Workshop was made possible in the be-

ginning through the efforts of a devoted group of Radcliffe women who had taken English 47 in its early days. These same enthusiasts, having completed their two years of study, found it difficult to give up the inspiration of work and criticism in common, and so founded the 47 Club, which still meets once or twice a month in the 47 Room in Fay House for the reading of manuscripts and for talks by people well known in the theatrical world.

No one claims that English 47 will make a successful dramatist of any student. No one claims that it creates minds and talents. When the talent is there, it stimulates it by criticism and by the great enthusiasm pervading all the work, and then points out by actual production the beginner's faults of technique. Managers like John Craig and Oliver Morosco have recognized its value, and, by offers of prizes, even its ultimate end, which is, after all, not idealistic but practical. Not all who take these courses will write plays professionally, but they will know what good plays are and so help establish better standards in the theater.

REMINISCENSES OF A RADCLIFFE PLAYWRIGHT

Beulah Dix Flebbe, A.B. 1897, A.M. 1898

The following sketch, differing slightly in point of view from some of the others and addressed more exclusively to a Radcliffe audience, was written by Beulah Dix Flebbe at special request for an article of reminiscence, showing how Radcliffe had helped her to become a playwright. Mrs. Flebbe is not only a playwright of distinction but a novelist as well, and is at present writing scenarios for the Laskey Film Company at Hollywood.

I AM asked about the opportunities we had to study playwriting at Radcliffe in those remote days, 1893–97. Not many that we did not make for ourselves, and those, at times, in the face of pretty consistent opposition. This may seem strange to a college generation brought up in the tradition of the 47 Workshop, but my college days, remember, fell in the Victorian period, and the world has traveled far and fast since then.

Our only theater was the little auditorium in Fay House, not so bad an auditorium, but the stage, in shape like the farther end of a hop-scotch diagram, left much to be desired. However, enthusiasm and imagination did much, and to my Freshman eyes the Howells' farces and the like, enacted in that cramped space, were wonderful.

With my Sophomore year the dramatic horizon darkened. Shuddering authorities had been affronted to discover that female students had legs. In those days of long, muck-raking skirts the fact that we were not built like Mrs. Noah in the Ark was not so readily apparent as it is (*Deo gratias!*) nowadays. No more pants upon the Radcliffe stage, the fiat went forth! We hunted desperately for plays with "all female" casts. We found them highly recommended for Sunday Schools and Sewing Circles, but not exactly suited to our purpose. Then we tried camouflaging the male characters with long overcoats or gymnasium bloomers.

In the summer of 1895 some forward-looking spirits suggested that we write our own plays, and synchronously came the brilliant thought: why not lay them in a knickerbockered period and thus solve the vexatious problem of male costume? So said, so done. I came across with my first play, a romance in one act, "The Wooing of Mistress Widdrington."

To the later generation that has been fortunate in growing up under Professor Baker's dramatic guidance, Radcliffe without Professor Baker must be unthinkable. But my time fell, remember, twenty-five years ago. Professor Baker was twenty-five years younger, and I rather fancy that many of his colleagues looked on his interest in the drama as a fad and not in the

least to be encouraged. The only course I was taking with him was English C, briefs and forensics, but I knew from my friends that he gave courses in the drama (reading, not writing) and that he acted himself in the Cambridge Dramatic Club. So when I received my memorable offer of fifteen dollars from the Walter Baker Company, I sought out Professor Baker, and asked his advice. I remember how kind he was in going over the manuscript of an unknown student, and how helpful were his suggestions upon sundry other dramatic scripts that he encouraged me to bring him.

But more than advice, at that period of my life, I valued the fact that next winter (in January, 1897) Professor and Mrs. Baker put on at the Cambridge Dramatic Club a one-act play of mine, "Apples of Eden." I wish the many, many students of the present generation who admire Christina Baker could see her, as I can see her in vivid memory, in the graceful dress of the Cavalier period, bewitching, teasing, irresistible, as she brought life and beauty into what was a formal, stilted little part enough. And Professor Baker, as a gallant soldier-lover — after all, there are compensations in having gone to Radcliffe before the Workshop came!

In my graduate year I ventured my first long play on the Idler stage, "Ye Lustie Man of Wessagussett," with Josephine Sherwood as the willful little French heroine, and Katharine Searle, very youth personified, as the swaggering hero. Later I rewrote the play, with my friend Mrs. Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, and in 1902, under our joint names, it opened in New York under title "Rose o' Plymouth Town," — one of the many delicate and short-lived costume romances of that costume-mad epoch.

Another long costume play of mine, "To Serve for Meat and Fee," went on at Radcliffe in 1899, with our big three in the cast — Josephine Sherwood, Katharine Searle, and Ruth Delano. Years later Mrs. Sutherland and I lifted several of the episodes bodily and used them in "Matt of Merrymount," in which Fred Terry and Julia Neilson starred in 1906–07.

Did I get any classroom instruction in playwriting? Literally there were no such classes then. By special petition we had Senior themes (English 5) with Mr. Gates, and as my long theme in the second semester I handed in a three-act play, "The King's Servants." There was a torture scene (off stage) in the second act, and Mr. Gates wrote upon the back of the script: "I feel as if I had been living in a boiler factory and eating raw meat." But I loved my "King's Servants," and wrote it and rewrote it, and finally Mrs. Sutherland and I turned over to Mr. Martin Harvey a version that under title "The Breed of the Treshams" is playing, off and on, to this day.

This is all pretty personal, but necessary to the elucidation of my text: what, in those early days, did Radcliffe give me in the way of training as a playwright? It gave me first the unofficial advice and encouragement of Professor Baker. It gave me next a stage for a plaything. It gave me in the third place willing coadjutors, actors, scene shifters, property women, costumers, who were ready to work for ungrudging hours with precious little return (the actors, perhaps, excepted) in the way of appreciation. It gave me a small but very friendly audience, whose approval engendered in the embryonic playwright confidence and the courage to go on. I fancy I should have written books, even if I had not gone to Radcliffe, but I do not believe I should have written plays, if, at the period of adolescence when my mind was wakened in the stimulating environment of college and when I was groping for a new means of expression, I had not found a little stage that demanded plays. The stage was there, demanding, and I did my bit to supply that demand.

After all, perhaps that is in the last analysis what a college is for — to demand and by that demand to call forth from young free spirits the best that is in them.

SCIENCE AT RADCLIFFE

Cornelia James Cannon, A.B. 1899

Cornelia James Cannon, wife of Professor Walter Bradford Cannon, is a well-known essayist. Among her recent publications are "Can Our Civilization Maintain Itself?" "How Much Optimism Do We Need?" and "Philanthropic Doubts."

EVERY time I visit a certain old Radcliffe friend of mine, I am impressed anew with her enthusiasm and with her knowledge of how to live.

Married soon after leaving college and busy ever since with her growing brood, she has had no chance to travel, no time for study, philanthropy, public life, the theater, music, or any of the other interests most of us seem to need to keep up our zest for life.

From the outside her life seems blankly monotonous; it is really full of interesting events, for she has eye to see what remains hidden to most of us, and what she sees seems to have the power of reconciling her to conditions on earth, for she is always cheerful and purposeful.

The last time I saw her, while apparently absorbed in darning socks, her attention was caught by the shadow cast by a passing fleecy cloud.

"Too bad," she said, "to have this glorious weather interrupted!"

"What makes you think it is going to be?" I inquired.

"Did n't you notice the wind changed to the southeast this morning?" she asked in surprise, and then it being evident I had n't, she added sympathetically, "Oh, I forgot you did n't take Professor Ward's Meteorology."

To her the sky presents a constant panorama of significant events; by day the changing clouds, by night the stars, for she studied astronomy, too, at Radcliffe, learned to use the telescopes at the Harvard Observatory, and worked at the famous Harvard astronomical library with its unique collection of photographic plates recording the history of the stellar universe for the past thirty years.

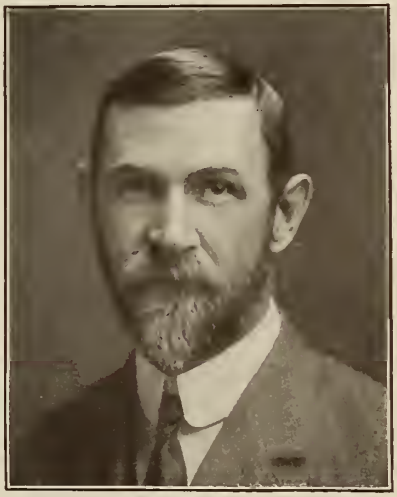
She greets the stars as beloved friends and points out to her children the course of their wanderings as one familiar with their ways. She feels a kinship with all the astronomers in the world, wherever their post of observation may be, and waits for each new hypothesis and discovery with enthusiastic interest. She often speaks with pride of our distinguished astronomer, Miss Annie Cannon, who has charge of the study of the photographic plates at the Harvard Observatory. She never misses a chance to point out the type of training Radcliffe gives to those who wish to study.

Even the everyday housekeeping problems are to her absorbing scien-

tific experiments similar in nature to those she made under men who are constantly adding to the world's fund of knowledge — Professor George H. Parker, P. W. Bridgman, or was it H. N. Davis? I don't recall just which courses she took.

When the drafts do not draw, the doorbell gets out of order, the jelly refuses to "jell," or the dye-bath corrodes the kettle, she meets the difficulty in the same spirit of enthusiastic understanding she would devote to the larger problems of the conservation of energy and the constitution of the ion.

When speaking of Radcliffe the other day she said rather ruefully, "Just think, the college is able to offer such unusual training to graduates; instruction by Theodore Richards, G. P. Baxter, and L. J. Henderson and still it has not a laboratory that is anywhere nearly adequate. And when Radcliffe women are doing such solidly good work, too, and the demand for trained women is so great!"



Professor George Howard Parker, S.D.

Much as I envy her the courses she took, which I missed, I have the consolation of having had a few Radcliffe science courses myself. Ever so often I congratulate myself that I had sense enough to take some of the zoölogy courses and had the chance to go on class excursions to Nahant with Professor G. H. Parker. No one can do this without catching an inkling of the relation between the simple life in the pools along the ocean margin and the complex life of man on earth. No one can take the courses given by Professors W. E. Castle and E. L. Mark without storing her memory with interpretations of evolution and of the mutations of species. Even shut off in a little room at the Agassiz Museum cutting up turtles, one is forced to see the relation of what one observes to the vital will to live animating all nature.

The graduate student at Radcliffe has not only all that the Cambridge department of Harvard can offer her, but the Bussey Institute has been recently opened to Radcliffe women, with its opportunities for studying the practical applications of zoölogy and botany to human welfare under the guidance of Professors W. M. Wheeler and E. M. East.

I can speak of only a few of the many Radcliffe courses, one of the most popular of which in my day was Physiography, given in the geological museum by Professor William Davis (*Emeritus*). She who has taken this and studied the wonderful collection of contour maps there will follow the contour lines back into the hills, read the story of erosion, interpret the course of every hill, recognize the fossil in the railroad cut, and sense the birth throes of the basalt.

A student who has taken the Radcliffe botany courses offered by Professors Jeffrey, Osterhout, and Fernald of Harvard, who put all the wealth of the University Museum, from the famous glass flowers to the treasures of the Gray Herbarium and the Botanic Garden, at the service of women, will never move unseeing through the outdoor world. She will have eyes for the rare orchid, the plant gall, the struggle between plants for survival, and the adaptation of blossom time to the maturity of the pollen-bearing insect.

Those courses at the Harvard Medical School, recently opened to women, offer training which gives a woman knowledge of the processes on which depend her own physical well-being and the health of those for whom she is responsible. The courses given by such men as Dr. W. T. Councilman, Dr. C. K. Drinker, Dr. Reid Hunt, Dr. Otto Folin, Dr. W. B. Cannon, and Dr. M. J. Rosenau give women the same education in the fundamental sciences that men who are preparing for the practice of medicine receive, and prepare them for a profession newly opening to women, both in original research and as research assistants in the great laboratories of the country.

There is no division of human learning concerning the universe around us which has so far been developed that is not illuminated by the wide range of courses in science offered to Radcliffe students, always with the same high standard of scholarship and in many cases the same laboratories as the courses offered to Harvard students. This means instruction, guidance, and inspiration from men who not only are able to pass on the accumulation of knowledge already acquired, but are constantly enlarging the bounds of the known. Anything which increases the resources of an institution like Radcliffe College extends to women the very highest type of opportunity for a knowledge of the fundamentals of science.

THE GRADUATE SCHOOL

Elizabeth Jackson, A.B. 1913, A.M. 1914, Ph.D. 1916

Elizabeth Jackson, herself a member of "The Ancient and Universal Company of Scholars" received her A.B. degree in three years, *summa cum laude* with highest honors in English, and yet found time to be Tennis Chairman, Class Gymnasium leader, and class president. In 1913 she was awarded one half the Sohier Prize. She is a charter member of the Phi Beta Kappa and at present is a member of the English Department of the University of Minnesota.

Every year the Commencement audience stirs a bit as the Doctors of Philosophy rise to receive their degrees. People inquire of each other if silk gowns are as hot as they look; some of them turn to the titles of the dissertations and wonder what they mean; and sympathetic seniors hope that the Dean will be able to pronounce them. The Dean always does pronounce them, with an ease which some ascribe to erudition and others to a previous rehearsal; and the candidates pass on to President Briggs, to be welcomed each year with the same formula into "the ancient and universal company of scholars."

Professor Fred Norris Robinson, Ph.D.

"The ancient and universal company of scholars" has always seemed to me as a phrase, worthy to stand with those other two—"the noble army of martyrs" and "the goodly fellowship of the apostles." Like them it is one into the meaning of which one does not come suddenly or easily. For the comprehension of it many of us can thank the Radcliffe Graduate School, with its revelation of what scholarship may be and by what means it is attainable. The appreciation comes in a dozen ways, of course. It takes a certain definiteness with the possession of one's first stack permit. The card itself states that it admits the bearer to the stacks of a certain field specified thereon. Actually, it gives one free access to all the shelves of the third largest library in the country. Exact size hardly matters; the essential fact is that there is infinitely more than one can use. There is, I believe, a real intellectual experience in being lost in a library. Of course, a student is never seriously lost in the Widener; there is always an attendant to the

rescue, and in every way the place is easy to work in. I have been told by people who ought to know that it is the most usable library in the world. There is the convenience of one's own desk and undisturbed pile of books, and the feeling of merely having to stretch out a hand and take what one needs; and for diversion there is the chance excitement of bumping into Professor Kittredge in the stacks. Perhaps a sense of the fraternity of scholarship comes with physical collision.

Collision of one sort or another with Harvard professors is wonderfully easy in the Radcliffe Graduate School. A good many courses are small enough to be personal. For advanced work there are conferences unnumbered. The catalogue does not say enough about this kind of work, seem-

Professor William Zebina Ripley, S.B., Ph.D.

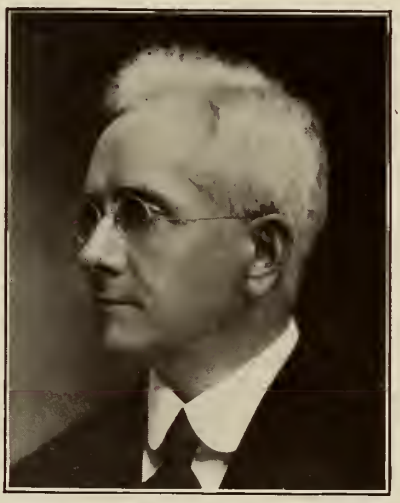
Professor Frederick Jackson Turner, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D.

ing to imply that Radcliffe students work with only a limited number of Harvard professors. In practice, a "properly qualified student" can have the supervision of the best scholars in any department.

The catalogue has its limitations at best. It makes note of professors and courses, but says nothing of graduate students themselves and the infinite variety of a year's intercourse with them. Radcliffe is fortunate in drawing women from every kind of college, every type and ideal of education. Trying to remember offhand the graduate students whom I knew reasonably well, I can count women from eighteen states and thirty-one colleges. The list would be longer now, no doubt, and since the war would

include more women from England and France. The Graduate School usually numbers about one fifth of the total registration of the college and always has more people worth knowing than one has time to know — women with half-finished books, of which they let young and wondering friends read chapters, — women whose autobiographies would in themselves make books. The Graduate Club of my day would listen indefinitely while one of its members told about digging up a town in Greece, directing a gang of half-brigandish natives, herself the only woman and the only person with an English tongue within miles. Everett House has always been a place for good talk. They say that there are two graduate houses now with a graduate dormitory to come. That dormitory will have an electric light bill to startle the treasurer, but the light will be well spent.

Professor John Livingston Lowes, Ph.D.



Professor Edward Kennard Rand, Ph.D.

Not all years are equally rich, of course. One cannot expect a noted archæologist with every batch of graduate students. On the whole, though, the danger is of the other sort, that there will be more opportunities than any individual will be aware of. The Graduate Club always spends a busy October providing its new members with advice and information, and I imagine that Miss Park's varied acquaintance with colleges, both West and East, is going to make her unusually quick to put newcomers within reach of what they want. For this, really, is the business of the Radcliffe Graduate School. Its work is to make accessible to women things that they can get nowhere else, the Harvard Library, the Harvard faculty, and the faith of Harvard in the permanence and universality of scholarship.

WHAT WE NEED AT RADCLIFFE

Emilie H. Everett, A.B. 1910

Director Radcliffe College Endowment Fund Campaign.

In the preceding pages we have tried to show something of what we found at Radcliffe. Are the same privileges to be available for others?

Is the constantly increasing number of students to have an equal opportunity to study under the eminent scholars whom Harvard University attracts to its Faculty? Radcliffe can offer these opportunities only if she can pay for them. Though all Radcliffe teachers are Harvard teachers, Radcliffe courses identical with Harvard courses, and the Radcliffe degree equivalent to the Harvard degree, Radcliffe is a separate institution and receives no direct financial aid from Harvard. To make the necessary increase in the salaries of the teaching force and to pay the additional cost of the tutorial system described in "The Third Division," the income from one million is required.

But there is a second problem. Additional buildings are needed. The scientific instruction offered by Harvard and Radcliffe is unusually fine. Must the Radcliffe students be handicapped by the lack of adequate laboratory equipment of our own? Are they to be handicapped also by limited living accommodations? At present only 175 of our 600 students can experience the delights of dormitory life. We who have lived in the dormitories and who count not least among our college treasures the intimate companionship of girls from all parts of the country and the knowledge of human nature gained through friendships of our leisure hours can never be content until more dormitories like Bertram, Eliot, Whitman, and Barnard Halls are built to afford others the opportunities we had. To build a physical and chemical laboratory, two dormitories, a much-needed lecture hall, an infirmary, and a heating plant, a second million is needed.

Finally, there is the cost of administration. The care of buildings and grounds costs double what it cost ten years ago. Administrative officers and their assistants now serve the College at salaries far lower than we can continue to pay with any self-respect. For these increased expenses the income from a third million is required. These needs of Radcliffe College are immediate. Every cent of the $3,000,000 is for essentials, not luxuries.

The Alumnæ who have found so much at Radcliffe are giving generously and working hard to assure to others the same opportunities. Radcliffe is

not the largest or the oldest or the richest college; Radcliffe women alone have not $3,000,000 to give. We must make the needs of the College known to the country which is calling for the services of more college-trained women. Radcliffe serves not only her students, but through them the country. If this double service is to be continued, $3,000,000 must be raised. Will you help?

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